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JASPER JAY STONE.

Priv. Co. "A," 35th, Iowa.

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THE VETERAN'S  
**QUALIFICATIONS,**  
—FOR—  
**Civil Service;**

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— FOR —

**Civil Service;**

— BY —

JASPER JAY STONE.

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Hev I còme to be examined? yes:

Think I'll pass? I cannot tell,

Tho' I'm not a askin' favors

I'll say I'm far from well.

I may not know my p's and q's

As ready as I should,

For many things I hev forgot—

More never understood.

I never went to college 'cept

Some twenty years ago,

I took some hurried lessons in

U. S. manuels you know.

Our school wa'nt no academy  
That worked by "rule o' three."  
The teachers didn't go much on that  
As any one 'could see.

We didn't go fur in rethmetic  
But could right a column o' ten;  
Yet mostly counted "one," "two,"  
An' "one" an' "two" again.

An' yet at workin' fig'ers out,  
We knew a little more;  
For when we shifted columns about  
'Twas quickly done by "fours."

Our rethmetic it was not built  
On the rule o' three, tis true,  
P'raps 'twas jest as handy tho'  
'Twas the rule o' "double two."

An' when our teachers wished to try  
If our heads were gettin thick;  
They made us work our problems by  
The rule o' "double quick."

The "properties of numbers" all  
We found wrapped up in "one."  
Its "symbol" 'bove all vain cabal,  
Was "U—N—I—O—N."

We studied grammer, too, as well,  
But I am forced to state,  
Our language was symbolical  
An' quite gesticulate.

An' oft as Lee would formulate  
Some lines—I mind them yet,—  
We taught him how to punctuate  
Them with the bayonet.

We took some higher branches, too,  
An' closely did pursue:  
An' ef you think I'm boastin', now,  
Ask Bragg ef 't isn't true.

In g'ometry we worked a bit,  
But nothin' much to speak;  
Yet when we were hard pushed to it,  
Could "scale" a mountain peak.

I 'member our boys did it once,  
At Lookout's lofty brow;  
Grant said we done it splendidly,  
An' I guess that he knew how.

We done some tall surveyin', too,  
In that old class you bet;  
I think our lines an' corner stones  
Quite easily found yet.

We re-surveyed Virginy,  
Didvided her in two;  
Gave half to blackened infamy,  
An' half to Union true.

Surveyed the heights of Tennessee,  
By trench, redan an' bridge,  
An' stamped our blood-red seal upon  
Old Missionary Ridge.

In feats of engineerin',  
We sometimes failed I know:  
But then on mines an' trenches,  
We wa'nt so tarnel slow.

There's Johnson, Loring an' Pemberton;  
We smote them thigh an' hip,  
While Vicksburg's brave embattled hills  
We tunneled in Massasip.

We worked some, too, in 'stronomy,  
Tho' our 'scopes were hardly good,  
But with the clouds of war so dense,  
We done the best we could.

We taught the rebels how to see  
The North-star's lofty light;  
An' not to wander off again,  
In treason's starless night.

•  
An' in the changing equinox  
Of proud and happy nations.  
They must not lose a single star  
In the Union constellation.

The "phone" it wan't invented then—  
Nor many mysteries more—  
Yet we whispered in rebellion's ear,  
Thro' many a "fifty-four."

Our principles; clean cut and clear,  
Out-dating phonic sages:  
Our children and the world shall hear  
Grandly echoing down the ages.

We took some lessons in drawin' too,  
And got it pretty pat:  
On Sherman's march through Georgia  
We done the most o' that.

Yes, we were some in graphics  
From Atlanta to the sea;  
An' gave some free-hand lessons to  
Bragg, Hampton an' Hardee.

We taught them that in drafting  
Each movement, should, in fine,  
Be constirtutionally perspective,  
An' in patria-matic line.

We dabbled some in painting, too;  
But I have heard it said  
That critics claim the "boys in blue"  
Used rather too much red.

But one thing to my mind is clear:  
Each battle-scene's a gem;  
Tho' art should toil for many a year  
Twill never rival them.

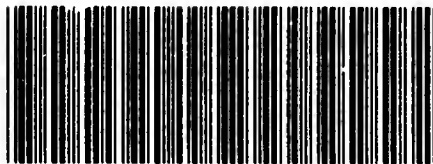
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So bring along your papers an'  
Ef I've forgot the rule  
Just give the place I ought to have  
To some "Kid" right out o' school.  
Caney, Kansas.

Sept. 1st, 1889.



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Entered accord  
the year 1890.  
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at Washington.

The author is helplessly invalid  
and draws only a small pension.  
All comrades should help him by  
purchasing this poem.

THE CANEY CHRONICLE BOOK PRINT,  
CANEY, KANSAS.